

when the little men in white jackets carried him away.

Now Mr. and Mrs. Lavender are the only people who live on that small four house street. Nobody wants to live in the three empty buildings. Some people say that these three empty bungalows smell strongly of paint.

For years Mr. Lavender has been repainting his bungalow a new color every Sunday. He must like his work. Mr. Lavender is a house painter by trade.

-- John Stevens Wade

Monmouth, Maine

1

Reading Pliny
in a broken book
my Grandfather once looked through
Quid platanon opacissimus?
Quid illa porticus vernâ semper?
I remember his house outside Baltimore
the banked lawn and sycamores
over a low stucco wall
and the car roared up
over the top of time
into the Twenties
the house coming into view.
"That's where we lived,"
my Father said
when he brought us back there for a look.

2

This book
with its broken back
thumbed pages
and letters to a friend
is like my Grandfather's
fortune
in
10/10/29.

-- Ben Pleasants

Los Angeles, California